

The History of

Cousin, on Wednesday next, our Councill wee will hold
At *Winfer*, so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be sayd, and to bee done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.
West. I will, my Liege.

Enter Prince of Wales, and sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon Benches
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly,
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to
doe with the time of the day? Vnlesse houres were cups of
Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds,
and Dials the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sunne
himselfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I see no
reason why thou shouldest be superfluous to demand the time
of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take
Purses, goe by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by *Phabus*,
he, that wandring Knight so faire: and I prethee, sweet wagge,
when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace; Maiesty I should
say for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-
logue to an Egge and Butterm.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nights body, bee called Theeues of the
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianas* Forresters, Gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, wee bee men of
good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste Mistris the Moone; vnder whose countenance we
steale.

Prince. Thou sayst well, and it holdes well too, for the for-
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for
proofe

Henry the

proofe: Now a purse of gold mo
day night, and most dissolutely spe
with swearing lay by, and spent v
as low an ebbe as the foote of the
high a flow as the ridge of the C

Fal. By the Lord thou sayest tr
stesse of the Tauerne a most sweet

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, m
not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet r

Fal. How now, how now, m
and thy quiddities? What a plag
Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe ha
of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast cal'd he
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due

Prince. Yea and elswhere, so fa
and where it would not, I haue v

Fal. Yea, and so vsed it, that w
thou art Heire apparant. But I pre
Gallows standing in *England*, w
lution thus snobd as it is with th
tick the Law? doe not thou, when

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare by the Lor

Prince. Thou iudget false alread
hanging of the Theeues, and so b

Fal. Well, *Hall*, well, and in
humor, as well as waiting in the C

Prince. For obtaining of fures?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of futes
so leane Wardrop. Zblood I am
or a lugg-Bear.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Lou

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a L

Prince. What sayest thou to a h